

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Billy was surprised when the dog told him that he had been in New York.

"I am not a French dog," he continued, "I came from a Belgium breed of dogs, but my father and mother were taken to America when quite young, and trained by the celebrated trainer George J. Goodspeed, who also trained me. And when the war broke out, he gave me to his best friend to bring to France saying to me as he did so, 'Look out for this man, and bring him back to me, alive or dead.' Then turning to his friend, he said, 'This is the best gift I could possibly give you, for he will guard you with his life, and should you be wounded or fall in battle, he will find you, even among thousands and bring you the first aid to the wounded, or notify the Red Cross people that he has found a wounded man. I know how wise and brave he is for I have raised him from a puppy. Besides, he comes from a celebrated police dog stock.'

A Real Record

"To make a long story short, I came over with this friend, and we have been on the fighting line ever since. Once my master was doing spy work and was shot by a sniper. At supper time I missed him, and immediately I went in search of him. Having good scenting faculties, I soon tracked him to the barbed wire entanglements belonging to the enemy. And when I found him, he was trying to crawl on his stomach back to our own line. When I reached him he was about exhausted from loss of blood. But when I licked his face and barked a little pet bark I have, he opened his eyes, smiled to let me know he knew me, and then fainted dead away. I tried to bring him to enough for him to help himself to the brandy in a kit we dogs all carry on our necks. But he could not move, as he was too far gone. So I buried my teeth in the clothes on his chest and half dragged and half carried him until I got him beyond the enemy's line. Then I laid his head in as comfortable a position as I could and ran to the camp hospital for help. On the way there I happened to meet a trained nurse hurrying to the help of some other poor soldiers, but I made such a fuss barking at her and pulling her dress that finally she followed me. And we were none too soon. In a few minutes he would have died from loss of blood. But the nurse, having all the bandages necessary, soon had the blood stopped, and he began to revive. She stayed with him until I ran to the hospital and came back with two orderlies and a stretcher. Now don't you tell and I will tell you a secret."

"I think the nurse and my master must have fallen in love with each other while I was gone, for I see them walking together nearly every day, and I heard one of the nurses say that they were engaged to be married. I am glad of it, for she is a beauty and sweet as peaches, while he is a handsome, brave man—just the kind of people I shall be glad to own as master and mistress. I only wish my trainer, who told me to look after him, could know what I did and that through me his life was saved."

"Of course he will know it," declared Billy. "Your new master will write and tell him all about it."

"Perhaps he will. I never thought of that," replied the Red Cross dog.

Sees Battle

Through the semi-darkness, to the fearful sound of booming cannon, whistling shells and whining shrapnel ran the dog and goat until at last they reached the high ground Duke had spoken about. There Billy looked down on the most terrible sight he had ever seen or dreamed could be.

They arrived just in time to see the French go over the top of their trenches and charge the Germans with their bayonets, while overhead hung clouds of smoke from the recent cannonading amidst which flew and dived aeroplanes of all sizes and shapes, darting here, there, everywhere like evil birds of prey. "I must go!" exclaimed Duke. "I see the flag of my regiment through the smoke and they are just entering the battle. Oh, I am so sorry they are going to fight at close range, for that means more killed and wounded. I am going so as to be close on their heels, so the minute the signal is given for us dogs to go bring in the wounded, I shall be on the spot," and with a bound he was off down the side of the hill.

"Here, hold on! I am going with you," bawled Billy.

But Duke was too intent on reaching his regiment to stop, even if he had heard Billy, which he had not, as the roar of battle drowned out all other sounds.

"Gee! That dog is a fine fellow! I am not going to lose sight of him. And, what is more, I am going to follow him into the battlefield and show him that a goat can do some of the things he can do. I shall make myself so useful that they will make me a member of the Red Cross Police Dog Service Club." But Billy's plans to follow Duke were frustrated, for he lost sight of him and though he spent an hour hunting for him, he could not find him, not having the power to scent out things like dogs have.

"I think I better go back to my own company, for about now they may be needing a mascot to help them, as any minute they may be ordered to go to the firing line."

With head down, Billy ran like the wind, but what was his disappointment when he got back to camp to find that the whole regiment including his company, had gone.

"This means that some of those soldiers I was watching from the plateau belonged to my own company. I am a nice one, I am, to be gallivanting around the country while my company is fighting. I'll find them or break my neck doing

it. And when I find them, I am going to do some of those stunts the police dogs do to make up for my neglect. But I do hope I won't find my master killed or wounded," and without more ado, Billy set out to find his regiment and his master.

It was very dark by now, especially so as the battle was over for the time being, and the shrapnel ceased to drop, the cannon were hushed, shells and bombs no longer flying through the air and the searchlights being out.

Consequently the only light there was came from the pale, sickly looking moon, half shrouded in clouds and made still dimmer by a heavy veil of smoke and mist that hung over the battlefield. And it was impossible to distinguish between friend and foe unless very close where one could see the color of the uniform.

As Billy was wondering in which direction to go to find his company, he heard one citizen call to another as they passed on opposite sides of the street: "At what point in the battle line did the French and Americans get nearest the German front?"

"At the foot of the plateau," called back the second.

"Now I know where to find my regiment. For if there is any fighting to be done, I know the Americans will be found at the front. And knowing where the plateau is, I shall go there as quickly as my legs will carry me and search the battlefield for my master," thought Billy.

Ambulance Stopped

Just then an American Red Cross ambulance stopped at the curb for a doctor to run into a drug store to get some supplies. Billy, noticing this, jumped inside, for he surmised that it was on its way to the battlefield for the wounded. He crouched in the farthest end and held his head down so the doctor, if he saw him, might take him for a woolen blanket or something of that kind in the dim light and in his hurry.

(We will have to wait till Friday to see if Billy's surmise is correct.)

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned that a certain Hippobosc automobile, engine No. H1410, License No. 632061, will on the 17th day of June, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., be sold by the undersigned at 2430 Carson Street, in the City of Torrance, County of Los Angeles, State of California, to the highest bidder for cash. That from the proceeds of such sale the claim of the undersigned for labor and material expended upon such automobile and for the caring for such automobile will be paid in the sum of Sixty-Eight Dollars and Sixty Cents (\$68.60). That the cost of conducting such sale will be paid from such proceeds, and any balance remaining in the hands of the undersigned will thereupon be paid to the former owner of such automobile.

M. E. HARTMAN.

THE BEST MAN
Two pickaninnies, not thoroughly accustomed to ocean bathing, were engaged in a "water fight" on the beach one windy afternoon. The fight consisted of desperate efforts on the part of each combatant, breast deep in the water, to dash more of the ocean in his opponent's face than he himself was getting. They did not notice the huge wave which rolled slowly up to them, lifted the little fellow nearest the

beach off his feet and sat him gently in the back water.

Considerably surprised, the pickaninny rose to the surface, dripping and spluttering, and turned to his companion, an awed expression on his face.

"Boy," he said breathlessly, "boy, yo' got me licked."

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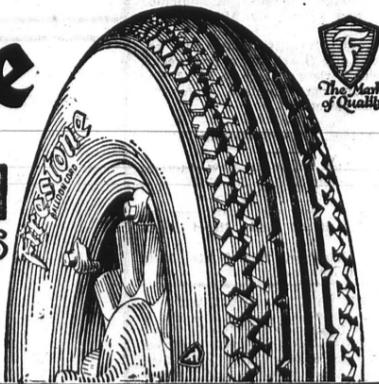
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